

## THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1888.

## High License or the Dow Law.

The legislative mill is slowly grinding out the laws for the year. Perhaps the most important is the high-license combined with local option bill for the curtailing of the liquor traffic. This bill has been adopted by the Republican caucus, and will be passed as a party measure, receiving at the outside only three or four Democratic votes. It is understood that the local-option feature is adopted at the suggestion of the members from the southern portion of the State. The northern counties will secure the benefit of whatever restrictive license fees are imposed. It is very important that the minimum license fee shall be fixed at an amount sufficiently high to reduce materially the number of saloons, otherwise the law will be a failure as far as its power to regulate the liquor traffic is concerned.

Both these temperance-laws have our earnest endorsement. Having waited so long for the adoption of some adequate measure of relief from the evils of the liquor traffic, we would not now be found fighting against any law because it shall not seem to us to be the best to be had. It is possible however that debate may disclose some weak places in the bill not now suspected, or opposition from some as yet unexpected quarter may make some change in the present programme desirable. It is not too late therefore to call attention to some of the excellencies of the Dow Law which make it superior to any high-license law, however well-considered.

The Dow Law is in the first place a tax-law. There is no license system about it. To license a traffic is to stamp the brand of crime upon it. Such a brand attaches to both the buyer and seller, naturally causing both to resent the interference of the law and demand its repeal. To many people of conscientious convictions it seems to give the authorization of the State to the commission of crime, thus involving them as *accessories c. inimicos* in the wrong. A tax-law avoids this difficulty and so is likely to secure the good-will of all in its enforcement.

The Dow Law is so drawn as to compel its own enforcement. As the tax becomes a lien upon the property where the business of liquor selling is carried on, each landlord becomes a special policeman to secure its payment. If not promptly paid he goes to the proper officer and demands that the payment be enforced or the saloon closed. If not paid within a few months the penalty attaches, and stock and fixtures must be sold under the hammer by the sheriff. There is no such thing as a man selling from term to term without a license, or of his being blackmailed by lawyers or court officers. All that the saloon keeper pays goes to the county, and he pays it because he must or have his property sold over his head. The landlord becomes police officer to detect and push, because he cannot afford to permit taxes to accumulate upon his real estate. A high tax under this law grinds out the low gin mills permitting only the fittest to survive. The power to tax is the power to destroy; and under it and by it, the lien and distraint provisions, and increasing the tax, it is possible, as far as legislation can, to more effectively destroy the evils of this traffic, with less cost and friction, than by any other method. If desirable the local-option principle can be united with it as well as with the high license system.

It is a better system than the average high license law and can be made to return whatever revenue may be desired, or to regulate the saloon traffic to that of partial or complete prohibition.

While approving whatever method may seem wise to the legislature to adopt, the good features of this law may well be commended to their attention and support. There is good reason to congratulate the voters upon the earnestness and zeal of the Republican members in the support of some effective temperance measure. Democrats and Assistant Democrats may point with such pride as they may feel toward a party committed at all times and in every way to the perpetuation and support of the saloon interest. Those who have doubted as to the attitude of parties upon this question may well watch the progress of temperance measures through the legislature and the votes of individual members upon the final passage of the bill adopted.

## Girls and Boys.

The abolition of co-education at the Western Reserve College has created a great stir throughout the land. A communication to the controlling body of that institution by one of its old graduates, has come to our notice and we take pleasure in placing it within reach of the friends of co-education who will be sure to enjoy it:

To the opponents of co-education at Western Reserve College: Greetings, brethren of the dust:

I learn with interest that co-education is a thing of the past with you, that the "girl must go." I congratulate you. I likewise congratulate the girl.

My curiosity to know whether enough of you were half civilized to make co-education possible is satisfied.

I never believed it could succeed among you, not because it should not succeed, nor because there is any reason why difference in sex only should deprive one human being from pursuing the same studies, under the same masters, and in the same class-rooms as another; but because I know that in many of you the old savage belief that woman was an inferior animal, flourished in much of its original vigor, hidden in some degree by the mental clothing that the savage has adopted with his pants and coat, but as really existent as the skin.

This belief is of course an absolute bar to everything that places women on an equal footing with men, and this belief it is, that is the true motive behind the opposition to co-education.

So co-education is an abandoned experiment at Western Reserve; the clamar of a crowd of boys against competition of the "weaker sex" has prevailed. Well, so be it.

I can conceive the smile of scorn with which a century from now, our grandchildren will read the record, and class us with the witch-burners of Salem.

The world moves. Let the opponents of co-education at Western Reserve beware lest their attempts to stay the movement they be ground to powder. And let them, remember that ancient skel-ton sometimes perfect to the eye, collapse at touch. They should be careful of themselves.

But you are to have an annex, I hear. Did it ever occur to you that an annex, while a step forward, for eastern universities an evidence of progress, is a step backwards for you—an evidence of retrogression.

But do not despair, my friends. You will not live long, the college will survive you, and after you have returned to the dust from which it is so manifest you came, others may arise with minds more freely clothed, and you and your ideas be relegated to the charred house. Sleep on!

## What High License Has Done?

*From the Baltimore Sun.*

High license has had a trial in a number of States in the West and Northwest, and the results are such as to interest the ways and means committees of State Legislatures, if not the Prohibitionists. A great deal of money for State purposes can be gotten, it appears, by restricting the privilege of selling stimulating beverages to such persons as will pay largely for the privilege. This is thought to be a valuable discovery, but it is found also that the high license has the effect of restricting the amount and improving the quality of the liquors consumed. Illinois imposes a tax of \$500 on saloons, with the result of reducing their number by one-third and increasing the State's revenues from this source from \$700,000 to \$4,500,000. Chicago has 4,000 saloons instead of 6,000, and gets \$2,000,000 instead of \$200,000. The Minnesota high-license law has decreased the number of saloons by about 1,600. In Winona the law has reduced the number from eight to one, and in Caledonia from fifteen to four. In Missouri, where the new law fixes the maximum cost of a license at \$1,200 and the minimum at \$550, the revenue has been tripled. Nebraska has a license fee of \$1,000 in cities and \$500 elsewhere. The effect has been to cut down the number of drinking places nearly one-half, and to increase the State's revenue fivefold. Wholesale dealers in Michigan pay a license fee of \$800, and the retailers pay from \$300 to \$500. The result is an increase of revenue to millions, and a reduction of the number of saloons from 10,000 to about 5,000. Local option is, however, to be credited with a part of the reduction in the number of saloons. Ohio has placed a tax of \$200 on all general liquor stores and a tax of \$100 on beer saloons. The revenue has thus been increased to about \$2,000,000. In Atlanta, Ga., the fees \$1,500, but it has been required for so short a time that its results can not yet be fully estimated. It is to be noted, however, as regards Atlanta, that at that city high license succeeds prohibition. The same may be said of several of the States mentioned above the conviction that "prohibition does not prohibit" having become more or less general where it has been tried. It undoubtedly surrenders a bountiful source of revenue, without wholly arresting the liquor evil, as the experience of Maine unfortunately demonstrates. Should it appear that the requirement of a high license fee in this State would have the effect of abating the demoralization noted in the grand jury's last report, and at the same time enable the State and city to abate taxes that press heavily upon the poor, it may be well for the present Legislature to consider the undeniable merit of the high-license system.

It is a better system than the average high license law and can be made to return whatever revenue may be desired, or to regulate the saloon traffic to that of partial or complete prohibition.

While approving whatever method may seem wise to the legislature to adopt, the good features of this law may well be commended to their attention and support. There is good reason to congratulate the voters upon the earnestness and zeal of the Republican members in the support of some effective temperance measure. Democrats and Assistant Democrats may point with such pride as they may feel toward a party committed at all times and in every way to the perpetuation and support of the saloon interest. Those who have doubted as to the attitude of parties upon this question may well watch the progress of temperance measures through the legislature and the votes of individual members upon the final passage of the bill adopted.

## LADIES!

Do Your Own Dyeing at home, with

## PEERLESS DYES.

They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10¢ a pint—50¢ a gallon. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Aroma in Package—or Fastness of Color, or in Aiding the Skin. They are safe for children. For sale by GEORGE M. WOOD, Pharmacist, Broad St. Bloomfield, N. J.

## THE CRUST DROPPER.

A MENDICANT'S GAME WORKED ONLY ON THE FAIR SEX.

A New Version of a Very Old Fraud. Finding a Crust on Broadway—One of the Many Tricks of Smart Easy Men.

Life was not a summer's dream, but a nightmare of colicines. The street car men were lashing their horses; the drivers on the walks were dancing around and slapping their hands to force a warmth; the present monarch—cold had played hypocrite tricks with the ears and eyes of the temperate advocate as frost and liberality with his apes to keep warm. Just as I firmly planted the plates of my French beefs in the lovely ice on the corner of Thirty-first street a poorly clad man jostled in front of me, and, stooping, picked up from the pavement a crust of bread.

I paused, started. Was it possible that any man in New York was so want that he must eagerly clutch a crust from beneath one's feet? Thus I pondered, as I watched him wipe it on his coat sleeve and eye it greedily. A little shoulder swept over me, and as I felt for my purse I began to think where I could get him work. It must be horrible to be hungry on a cold day. But I have had open salves, and one thing which pleased me much happiness in this world came to me—doubt. I had traveled Broadway at all hours, seasons and times, and I never yet saw a crust of bread on the pavement. Of course it was not impossible for one to be there, but it was most improbable. The more I thought, which was done quickly, the more I was convinced that this was the method in the man's display of hunger. At last I thought it would not be a bad idea to let him and prove to my own satisfaction what I wanted to know. I would follow him and if he ate the crust I could lavish on him the charity that infused my soul before that demon could get him to take the last bite.

After getting the crust he had stepped back of me, in order to force him to take the last. I became very much interested in some strawberries and tomatoes and cucumbers which, dreams of summer, were staring winter in the face from a window. This little act had the desired effect, and the man passed on. I started after, determined to settle the dispute, when I met a man who claimed to study his appearance. He was thin, so, despite his sins, he was somewhat nearer to Godliness than most of the members of his profession. He wore a reddish mustache and whiskers, and a black slouch hat. He was well built, and doubtless 5 feet 10 or 11 inches in height. He wore a short coat and blue overalls. I noticed that he had a studded belt, as if he was wearing two money belts, so I decided that he was not suffering from cold.

He had passed several persons without displaying the crust, and I began to think he was honest and my suspicion unfounded. I had just concluded to speak to him and offer aid when one of my feet started on a toboggan excursion without my knowledge. As I did not notice him until I got closer, I expected, "Good-bye," when an outstretched hand helped me to gain my balance. I looked up into a pair of dark eyes and pressed a coat sleeve, while I gratefully expressed my thanks for the service. The smile in those dark eyes still hung on my face. I looked down at the crust which I had snatched off the curb. I saw his eyes were fixed sharply on the woman. She opened her purse, and the child handed him some silver, which he received with uncovered head and an affecting gesture of a coat sleeve across supposedly bedecked eyes. No, I did not rush up and warn the unsuspecting woman. I hate seeing a sleek woman, especially a woman of money, and I wanted to see the play to the end.

I kept close to a window during this little act and endeavored to make my face speak an admiration. I was far from feeling for the display therein. Up Broadway the charitable couple went, and down Broadway the man who had the crust went. I got closer than I expected, and with impudence he stopped on the curb of the walk. I wondered what my best move was, for I dared not attract his attention by stopping or by passing him. I simply crossed the street. It was in the middle of the block, and the woman was rather deep, so I got closer. I forgot the laughing, dark eyes as I hurried on in time to see the child look up into her face and say pleadingly: "Oh, mamma!"

The man had a steady gait, which was evidently well learned from the crust. I saw his eyes were fixed sharply on the woman. She opened her purse, and the child handed him some silver, which he received with uncovered head and an affecting gesture of a coat sleeve across supposedly bedecked eyes. No, I did not rush up and warn the unsuspecting woman. I hate seeing a sleek woman, especially a woman of money, and I wanted to see the play to the end.

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